

DRINKING WATER

We, meaning father or the boys, buried a five gallon wooden barrel in the ground. This had an open top with a wooden lid. This was covered with a heavy canvas. Every night this barrel was filled with water which was carried by bucketfuls from the irrigation ditch about two blocks away. It was left open at night so that it would get cold. We kept it covered by day and always had cool water. Many times we would get thirsty when we were far away. On those occasions, scores of times, I got down on my tummy and hands to a ditch containing warm, yes, almost hot water, and blew on the water. The wigglers, by the thousands, would scamper and I would duck for a drink.

At that time little gnats by the millions filled the air and they ate you at their pleasure.

"Pleasant Views" Footep 28

History of Ray V. Wentz

